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As Mrs. Bertrand found it impossible to procure a piano in the neighborhood, and judged it too great a distance to have hers removed for the few months they expected to spend in the country, she accepted Mr. Harton's proposal that Dora should come over daily and practice with Olive; and this led to a complete intimacy. Olive resembled her father and sister as little in character as in person. Cool, calculating, suspicious, and stealthy, Mr. Harton seemed ever on the lookout lest some one should gain an advantage over him; while Olive was frank, free and careless to a fault. There was not a trace of pride or haughtiness in her, and many of the village people who shrank from her sister brightened into smiles when her merry face appeared at the doorway.

Mrs. Bertrand was not at all surprised as she saw the girls rushing in eagerly. one afternoon, their faces flushed with rapid walking, and heard Dora exclaim: O, mainma, Olive has the key to the tower, and we are going up to explore it. She says almost every one believes it's haunted;" and Dora gave a gay, bird-

like laugh. "I'm so glad you are not afraid of ghosts, Mrs. Bertrand," Olive said, crossing the room to kiss her. "It's so nice to have you and Dora live in this old house; but no one would ever come before, they were all so afraid of its being

haunted." "A very foolish belief, my dear," returned Mrs. Bertrand, in that placed tone which most people use to iterate old truths that few trouble themselves to ex-

"Come, Dora," and Olive led the way. They crossed the wide hall and entered a small passage. The tower, although joined to the main building, was quite separate from it interiorly. There were nore rooms in the house than Mrs. Bertrand cared to use, so nothing had been said about the tower further than that Mr. Harton had informed her it was kept as a sort of store room for useless rubbish. More than once Dora had evinced a restless curiosity concerning it; and Jane, the domestic, had speculated considerably about the ghost, and wondered why Mr. Harton kept the

premises so closely locked. The two girls had to use their utmost strength to turn the key, and as the door slowly opened it displayed a wide stone staircase thick with dust, over which floated a few filmy bars of sunshine from a window higher up. The damp, musty odor and strange silence awed them a little, but quickly recovering themselves, they began to ascend. At this first landing a door opened into a room, and a narrow flight of stairs beside it ran up to the next story, which was much smaller, and from thence to a third, which was contracted into a mere observatory. The windows in all the stories were deep set and narrow, full of cobwebs, and the panes of glass broken n many places. Some old chests, dilapidated chairs, and several pieces of antiquated furniture were strewed around, while the so called study contained many curiosities which might have been valuable in any other place. But now they were so covered with dust and

mold as to be scarcely distinguishable. The girls ran to every window for a lew of the surrounding prospect, and vainly tried to find a way through the roof to the cupola with which the tower was crowned. It was evident, from the steps leading to it, that it had once been used. Failing in this they returned to

"Here was where they found my mother," said Olive, standing by the table, and pointing to the high backed chair.



"Here was where they found my mother." Dora shivered a little as the picture presented itself to her mind. All the ong summer day Mrs. Chorley had sat there, never heeding the sunshine or the darkness of purple twilight slowly deepening into night. Dora had seen her portrait, and the vivid, girlish imagination conjured her up again, until she could almost seem to see her. More to break the spell of terror that was creeping over her than gain any real information, Dora said:

"Was she not writing something?"
"Yes," replied Olive. "Old Persis, who
used to live with mother when she was Mrs. Chorley, and was afterwards our nurse, came over that night to search for her. Papa was very angry, and discharged her when she said mother meant to make known some secret about

"Suppose some day another will should be found?" the true will, Dora was on the point of adding, for Jane inclined to the belief with which old Persis had tinctured the neighborhood; and in spite of her love for Olive, Dora had always experienced a leaning that way.

"Oh, it couldn't be," replied Olive.
"Grandfather said they would find his will in the tower, and even uncle, who was so very angry, could not disprove it. If he had found it instead of mother I suppose he wouldn't have said a word. Only Persis says he loved Uncle Vincent the better, and it is strange he should give him so little and leave all the rest to his other son. There are portraits of them here in this old closet; let us take a

look at them."

After pulling out several articles and

stifled, they came to the pictures, old oil paintings that, though much injured by time and want of care, still preserved a tolerable likeness.

"This was Mr. Harold Chorley," said angry. Yet I cannot help feeling sorry for him." relation to me, and it always makes papa

Both were portraits of young men, the elder dark, stern, with piercing, jetty eyes and an abundance of black, curling hair. The other was much fairer, with eyes of a most indescribable hue. The won Dora in an instant. "I believe I like Mr. Vincent Chorley's

the better," she said. "Oh, I do, a great deal. And old Persis, who saw his son, said they were exactly alike. You know Mr. Allingham

did not see him." "Did he really try to murder your

"Certainly. Poor fellow, I suppose he was very angry. I wonder what has become of him. It is seven years since he

was here." Dora could not keep her sympathies from straying to the outcast. She had not at all recovered from her first dislike privileges in preference to those who could claim only the merest shadow of relationship. Yet she could not express these thoughts to her friend, and so the conversation soon turned to other themes, and presently they went down to have a talk with Mrs. Bertrand about ghosts.

Olive staid to tea, and shortly after dusk a servant was sent for. When Jane was making all safe for the night she came to the little parlor, where Dora sat reading alone, as her mother always retired early, and exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Dora, the tower door is

open!" The young girl sprang up half terrified the first instant, then, laughing away her fear, said:

"Olive must have forgotten to lock it. I thought it was fast, and that she had taken the key with her." "But you won't think of sleeping with-

out first having that shut? Come, let us

go lock it." "I do believe you are afraid, Jane. ghost has made its appearance. Did you suppose it was fastened up in the tower?"

"Don't laugh, Miss Dora. I'm not so sure, after all, there isn't something of the sort. I don't see how that woman could rest in her grave with such a burden on her mind. I should not be at all surprised to see her come walking down stairs some day with the true will in her hand."

"Hush, Jane. Mamma says it is wrong to pay so much attention to gossip. Olive's mother couldn't have forged a will, and Mr. Harton, you know, had been in the village only a short time. Probably was partially opened. No pallid ghost it's all right. You'll have to turn this or burly form of midnight burglar met key, though; the lock is rusted. There, her view; only the bright, cheerful face good night, ghost.'

they returned to the parlor, eliciting Jane's warmest admiration for her bravery. After the servant left her the book dropped listlessly from her hands, and she fell in a reverie about Allingham Chorley and his father, whose portrait had made so deep an impression on her mind.

The next day Olive came over to announce that she was going to travel with her father and sister, and would probably be absent a month. The maid was packing, and they expected to start early the next morning. Dora was really sorry to lose her companion, but when the impulsive Olive declared that she had half a mind to stay at home, she would not listen a moment to such a proposition.

"Let me bring you the key of the tower," Dora said, when they had kissed good-by for the third or fourth time. You left it last night."

"Oh, no matter; I'll bequeath it to you for a few weeks, and if you see the ghost don't fail to tell me." Dora promised.

She found herself very lonesome in the days that first followed Olive's departure. She took her walk regularly over to Mr. Harton's for her music, but it was dull work. Frequently she would pause in her playing and study the picture that hung above the piano—the likeness of the Spanish woman when she was Mrs. asleep. There was but one place shielded from her observation—the quaint carved Chorley. There was a later portrait of her, but this first interested Dora most. The resolute, haughty eyes; the lips set together with a firmness that indicated great power, and the strange unconquerableness written on every feature. Gazing at her, it was impossible not to dream over her story.

The woman who supplied Mrs. Bertrand with butter and garden vegetables was a daughter-in-law of the old woman Dora, who soon understood the family history perfectly well.

Persis declared Mrs. Chorley had never been the same woman after her second marriage, and that she felt assured Mr. it before. Harton had managed to entangle her in some villainy, or he could never have ruled her so completely. "You should 'a seen how she carried her head in Mr. Chorley's time," the old woman would

generally conclude with.

It appeared singular to Dora that Mr.
Harton should wish to remain in a place where he was regarded with so much suspicion when he had ample means to enable him to live elsewhere. As Mrs. Bertrand preferred the quiet of her room much of the time, Dora was left to her own speculations and to make the property of the suspenditudes and to be supported to the support of t much of the time, Dora was left to her own speculations and amusements, and having little else to occupy her atten-tion, had become deeply interested in the history connected with Chorley Cliffs. Now she visited the old tower daily. Her nature was not superstitious or fearful, and the many curious relies there pleased her greatly.

It was a bright night with a full moon. Dors had lain awake a long while listen-

making such a dust they were almost | ing to the ticking of the clock, the regular breathing of her mother, and the heavier respiration of Jane. The sleeping apartments were on the side toward the tower, nearly all the rooms being on one floor, as the house itself was low. Olive, "and that Uncle Vincent. I don't | Many a time vague imaginations had know why I call him so; he was no real floated through Dora's mind, and even now she could not refrain from going over the old story. Then a crash of something startled her, a smothered sound, as if it came through walls, and in the direction of the tower. With senses painfully acute, she sat upright

in bed, and strove to catch another token bair of a rich chestnut, and laughing of the real or imaginary intruder. In vain. Only the sleepers on either hand whole face wore a frank, generous ex- broke the perfect stillness, and presently pression, a happy lightheartedness that the voice of her mother, requiring some trifling attention. So she composed herself to sleep again, but the incident recurred to her in the morning, and immediately after breakfast she set out to explore the tower, her heart beating with quite a new emotion. came after mother's death. Clara and I

The neighborhood was extremely quiet went back to school immediately, to we and at this point quite thickly settled, so it was hardly possible any one would attempt to enter such an old place where no valuables were kept.

She ascended the steps slowly, and on reaching the second floor took a comprehensive survey. The study looked as usual; not a thing had been disturbed. Raising her eyes they rested on a window overlooking the main house. The sash seemed to her displaced and several to Mr. Harton, and it seemed to her so new panes of glass missing. Following much more natural and right that a deout the suggestion, her eyes wandered to scendant of the family should inherit its the floor, which was strewn with numerous fragments. Her first impulse was to fly down stairs and give the alarm; then she reflected a moment. Might not the wind-but no, there had been scarcely a breath the preceding night, certainly not enough to dislodge the window frame. She drew a chair to the wall, and climbing up, took hold of it. Yes, it was loose. There seemed traces of a recent disarrangement - finger marks in the dust and the disturbance of moths and spiders that had built homes for themselves in the corners. The window had evidently fallen out; this was the noise she had-heard in the night. If it had lain there on the floor she would not have felt a whit disturbed, but it must have been put back by human agency. What could any one hope to gain after effecting such an entrance?

Dora knew it would not do to needlessly disturb her mother and Jane. They were comfortably situated; the quiet and retirement satisfied Mrs. Bertrand completely, and her health had improved We have lived here two months, and no visibly since her coming to Chorley Cliffs. It would be unfortunate to leave it just now, and impossible to stay unless the mystery was solved, or shared with some one. Jane would make a poor confidant; indeed, no persuasions could induce her to enter the tower, so she would be of no assistance in case of a search. Oh, if Olive were only here! And then Dora thought her wisest plan would be to go down stairs and lock the tower door, leaving the old place alone with its secret. So she rose and went slowly toward the door, and then gathering courage, peeped in the closet, which of Vincent Chorley, that seemed ready The fearless child laughed lightly as | to banter her out of her fears. For many moments she stood irresolute, then made a hasty examination of the place. It was not possible for any one to be concealed there. What if she were mistaken, after all? Perhaps Olive might have taken the window out, and the noise in the night might have proceeded from some other cause. She went cautiously around the study-it was quite reassuring to find nothing unusual there.

Then she entered the passage, and considered whether she should go down or up. It would be an advantage to satisfy herself thoroughly; then she would not be in momentary fear of causing her mother some sudden alarm. Without any positive mental decision, she began to mount the steps slowly, and on reaching the top drew a long breath of sat-isfaction. The morning sun poured through the eastern window in golden floods-the whole place was full of filmy

radiance. How Dora Bertrand first became aware she was not the only inmate of the place, I can hardly tell. It was a vague impression at first, something shadowy and almost imperceptible, then it grew into a fear, and next a reality. Spellbound by terror, her own respiration seemed almost to stop, while every instant the other's breathing became more regular and distinct. The intruder was certainly wooden settle, whose high back was towards her. It seemed hours before she could command sufficient strength to take another step, so slowly passed these dull moments of terror. At length the point was reached, and she sawsomething real and physical, but not the generally received idea of a house-

A young man of six or eight and twenty, in a careless but graceful posiwho had been Mrs. Chorley's servant so tion, one arm under his head for a pillong. Since her quarrel with Mr. Harton low, the other drooping over the edge Persis had been especially bitter against of the settle, and displaying a firm all the family save Miss Olive, whom she white hand that would not have loved tenderly. Jane, being a newcomer shamed a lady. His hair and beard in the place, and rather disposed for gossip, was quite a godsend to her. On her of his broad forehead clar and fair as a part Jane retailed her information to girl's, but the rest of his face many shades darker, the fervent color of the sun's tropical touch. It was a handsome, manly countenance, and losing her fear, she began to consider where she had seen

A pleasant, familiar face, one on which she could place the smile, and remember precisely how the eyes would look when the drooping lids were raised. Where could she have seen it? She had no fear of it now, and longed impatiently for him to awake. He seemed in no hurry, though; but presently the sun rays began to steal over his face, and then he stretched, yawned and began slowly to open his eyes. They did not rest on Dora Bertrand for some mo-ments, however, and then he sat upright suddenly, as if he had received an electric shock, his face growing perceptibly paler every instant. She stood quite atili, unable to speak or fly.
"Are you Olive Harton?" he asked, at

length, in a constrained tone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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